

THE
SONGS
TO
The New Play
OF
DON QUIXOTE.
As they are Sung at
The Queen's Theatre
IN
DORSET GARDEN.

By *Part the First.*

Sett by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. D'urfey.

Decies repetita placebunt.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Samuel Briscoe, at the corner of
Charles-street, Covent-Garden. 1694.

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LONDON,
Printed by J. Hopton for Samuel Bristow, at the corner of
Charles-street, Covent-Garden.

T O M Y
Much Honoured and Ingenious Friends

(Lovers of MUSIC)

That frequent the Rose, Chocolate-house, Coffee-houses,
and other places of Credit, in and about Covent-
Garden; and

Particularly,

To the late Worthy Members of the
Witty Club.

These two Books of Songs, Sung in the First and
Second Part of Don Quixote, are with all Venerati-
on most humbly Dedicated;

By,
Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most

Humble Servant,

T. Durfey.

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THE Satyr of *Titus Petronius Arbitr*, a Roman Knight: with its Fragments recovered at the Siege of *Belgrade*, 1688: which makes it intire. Made English by Mr. *Bernaby* of the *Middle Temple*, and another Hand.

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All Printed for S. *Briscoe*, at the corner of *Charles-street*, in *Russel-street*, *Covent Garden*.

on most humbly Dedicated.

By

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and most

Humble Servant

PROLOGUE

For the First Part of DON QUIXOTE:

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

IN hopes the Coming Scenes your Mirth will raise
To you, the just pretenders to the Bays;
The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays
And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains
Of Labour'd Sense, or of Improving Brains:
That feel the Lashes in a well-writ Play,
He bids perk up and smile, the Satyr sleeps to Day.
Our *Sancho* bears no Rods to make ye smart;
Proverbs, and Merry Jokes, are all his Part.
The Modish Spark may Paint, and lie in Paste,
Wear a huge Steinkirk twisted to his Waist,
And not see here, how to spin in a Dreid:
The Country Captain, that to Town do's come,
From his Militia Troop, and Spouse at home,
To beat a *London-Doxies* Kettle-Drum:
One, who not only the whole Pit can prove,
That the for Brags Halfe down his harden'd Love:
But the Eighteen-penny Whore-masters above,
With his Broad Gold may Treat his Pliant Dear,
Without being shown a Bubled Coxcomb here.
Grave Dons of Business, may be Bulker's Cutties,
And Crisp-ear'd Prentices let up for Bullies,
And not one Horse-whip Lash here, flog their Follies;
Nay, our hot Blades, whose Honour was so small,
They'd not bear Arms, because not Coyness all:
That with the *French* may have a mighty Slaughter,
But with it safely, — on this side of the Water.
Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd,
To beg Commissions in the Standing-Guard;
Even these, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
Will 'scape us now, tho' 'tis a curst Vice.
Our Author has a famous Story chose,
Whose Comick Theme no Person do's expose,
But the Knights-Errant; And pray where are those
There was an Age, when Knights with Lances and Shields
Would Right a Ladies Honour in the Field;
To punish Ravishers, to Death would run;
But those Romantick Days — alas, are gon;
Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
Who finding a young Virgin by Disaster,
Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faster.
Yet these must 'scape too; so indeed must all,
Court-Cuckold-makers now not Jest do's mail,
Nor the horn'd Head within your City Wall.
The Grange-Mis, that here Caudles the Duke,
May sell her Rotten Ware without rebuke.
The young Coguet, whose Cheats few Fools can dive at,
May Trade, and in Old Tope Ringerkin in private.
The Affect too, on Laws Divine may Tripole,
And the Plump Jolly Priest get Drunk for Church-Example.

EPILOGUE

To the First Part of DON QUIXOTE.

By Sancho Riding upon his Ass.

Mongst our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profess,
There's an old Proverb, *That two Heads are best.*
Dapple and I have therefore jogg'd this way,
Through sheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew,)
May have Relations here for ought I know.
For in a Crowd, where various Heads are addle,
May, many an Ass be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
Because I know he is the Poet's Friend;
And, as 'tis said, a parlous Ass once spoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;
So if you are not civil, 'sbud, I fear,
He'll speak agen. —
And tell the Ladies, every Dapple here,
Take good Advice then, and with kindness win him,
Tho' he looks simply, you don't know what's in him:
He has shrewd Parts, and proper for his place,
And yet no Plotter, you may see by's Face;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever Brays against the Government.
Then for his Garb, he's like the Spanish Nation,
Still the old Mode, he never changes Fashion;
His sober Carriage too you've seen to day,
But for's Religion, troth, I cannot say
Whether for *Mason, Burgis, Muggleton,*
The House with Steeple, or the House with none;
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church — no more than you.
Some that would, by his Looks, guess his Opinion,
Say, he's a *Papish*; others, a *Socinian*.
But I believe him, if the truth were known,
As th'rest of the Town-Asses are, of none;
But for some other Gifts — mind what I say,
Never compare, each Dapple has his Day,
Nor anger him, but kindly use this Play;
For should you with him, conceal'd Parts disclose,
Lord! how like Ninneys, would look all the Beasts.

F I N I S.

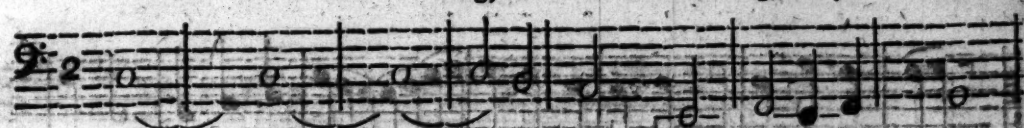
The First Song in the 2d Act. Sung at the Knighting of Don-Quixot: Set by Mr. Purcell.



Sing, fin—g, all ye Muses, fin—g, sing.
antelilb regent odw antelilb regent odw douch new antelilb



Sing, fin—g, all ye Mu—ses



sing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a round



sing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a round



d, your Lutes strike a round, when a Soldier's the flo-ry, when



d, your Lutes strike around, when a Soldier's the flo-ry, when



Soldier's the flo-ry, what Tongue can want found, when a Soldier's the flo-ry, what



Soldier's the flo-ry, what Tongue can want found, when a Soldier's the flo-ry, what



Rich can want found; who danger disdains, who danger disdains, woun- ds, wound;

Tounge can want found; who danger disdains, who danger disdains, woun-

wounds, bruises and pain, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

ds bruises and pain, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains;

profit comes ea-sy, comes ea-sy, ea-sy in Cities of store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Rich pro-fit comes ea-sy, ea-sy in Cities of store,

Cannons do ro-ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe

but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro-ar, do

Brisk-time.

roar; yet see how they run, how they run, how they run at the storming, the

storming, the storming, the storming, the storming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire, to

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they

le the high Wall, they le the high Wall, the high

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo-ry, bright

fall; their hearts precious darling, bright glo-ry, bright

glo-ry pur-suing, tho' Death's un-der Foot and the

glo-ry pur-suing, tho' Death's un-der Foot and the

Mine is just blowing. It springs, it springs, it springs, it

Mine is just blowing, up they Fl-y,



 springs up they fl — y, they fl — y, yet

[illegible]

more, more, more, more, more, yet more still sup-ply, as Bride-grooms to

The image shows a musical score for a song. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef. The accompaniment consists of a simple bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

Handwritten musical score for a song. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major, 4/4 time, starting with a bass clef. The accompaniment consists of a simple bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

y, yet more, more, more, yet more still sup- ply, as Bride-groom is to

Marry, they haf ————— ten to die, they haf ten to die; till Fate claps,

Marry, they haf — ten, they haf ten to die ; till Fate claps,

A handwritten musical score on aged paper. The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, some with slurs. The lower staff continues the melody or provides accompaniment. The handwriting is clear and legible.

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, some with beams. There is a '3i' marking above a note. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper.



Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then



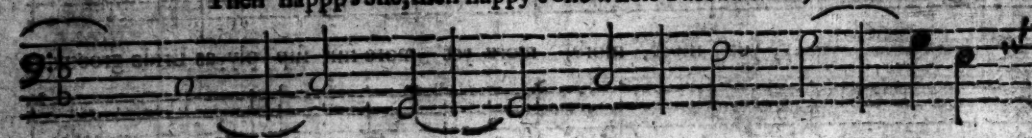
Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:



happy's She whose Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a



Then happy's She, then happy's She whose Face can win, can win a



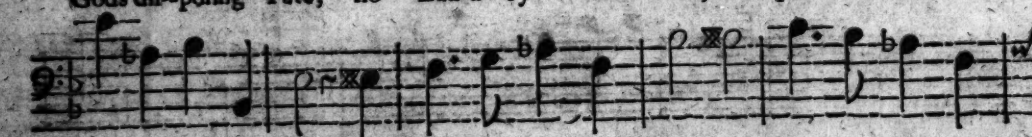
Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like



Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like



Gods dis-posing Fate; no Lux-u-ry in Peace, nor pleasure in ex-



Gods dis-posing Fate; no Lux-u-ry in Peace, nor pleasure in ex-





— cels can par—ra—tell the joys, can par—ra—tell the joys, the



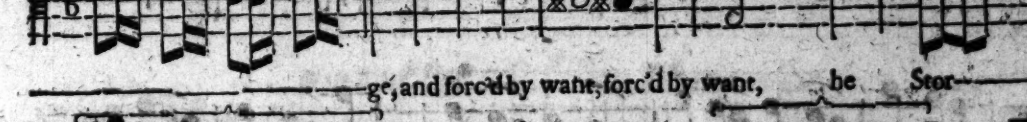
— cels can par—ra—tell the joys, can par—ra—tell the joys, the



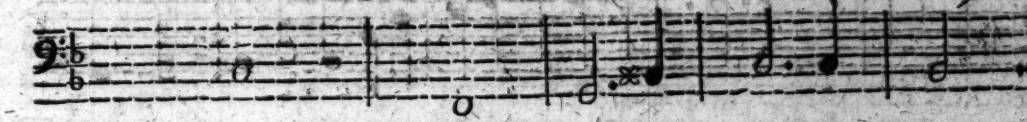
Mar—tial, Martial He—ro Crown when flush'd with Ra—



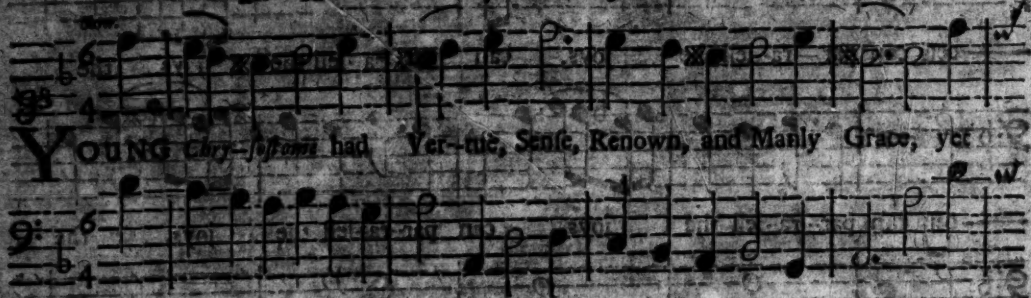
Mar—tial He—ro Crown when flush'd with




Ra—ge, and forc'd by want he Stor—ms,



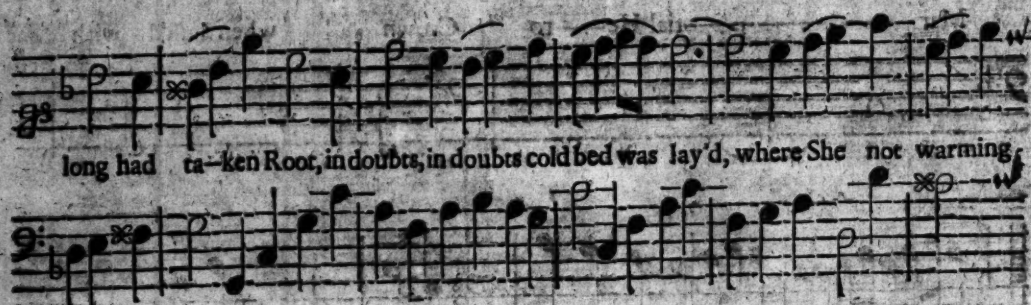
The 22. Song, Sung by a young Shepherdes in the
2d. Act. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



YOUNG Chry-sostom had Ver-tue, Sense, Renown, and Manly Grace, yet



all a-las were no defence a-gainst Marcella's Face: His Love that



long had ta-ken Root, in doubts, in doubts cold bed was lay'd, where She not warming,



it to Shoot, the lovely, love-ly Plant decay'd, the lovely, love-ly



Plant de-cay'd.

II.

Had Cōy Marcella own'd a Soul,
Half Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Scorn controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that form'd the Fair,
In such a charming Skin,
Their outside made their only care,
And never look'd within.

The Dirge, or 3^d. Song in the 2^d. Act. Sung by a
Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

Symphony.



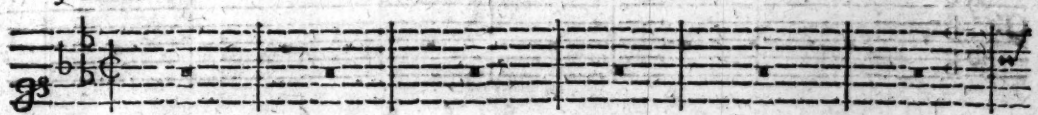
1 Flute.



2 Flute.



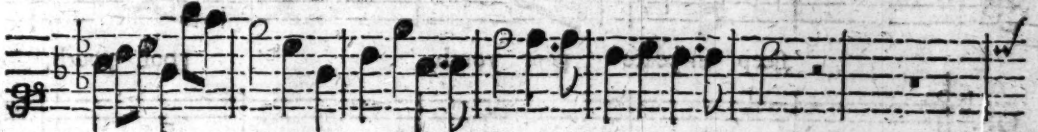
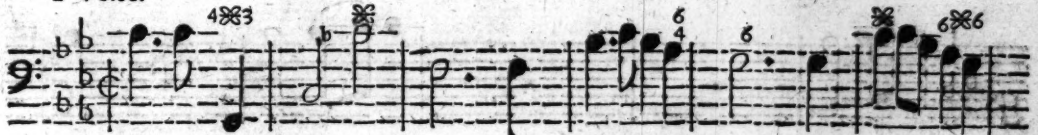
3 Flute.



1 Voice.



2 Voice.



p, poor youth, flee—p, poor youth,

sleep in peace poor youth, poor youth,

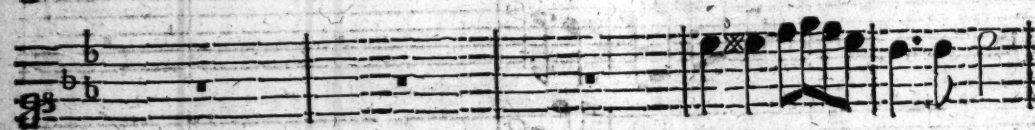
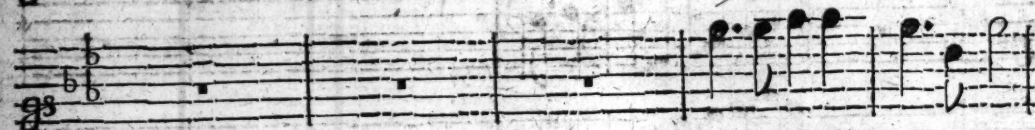
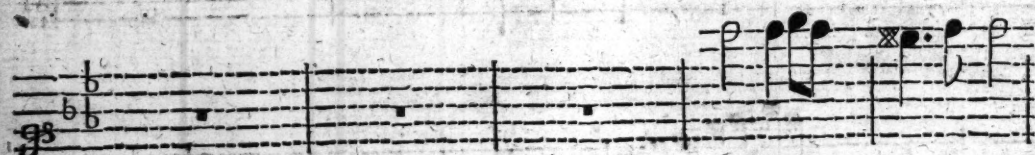
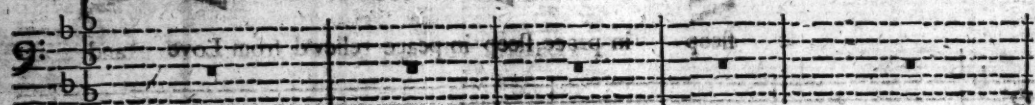
sleep in peace, sleep in peace reliev'd from Love and

mortal care; whilst we that pine in Life's disease un-



per-son blest, happy are,

while we that pine in



life's dis-ease, un-cer-tain blest, happy are.





Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave,



Cou—ch'd in the dark and si—lent Grave, no ills of Fate,



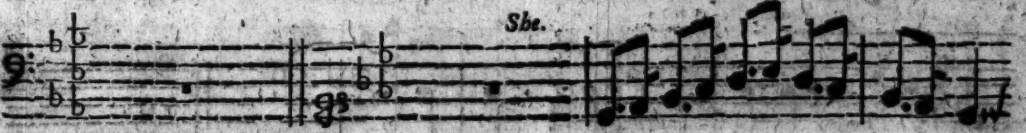
no ills of Fate thou now can'st fear; in vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r en—



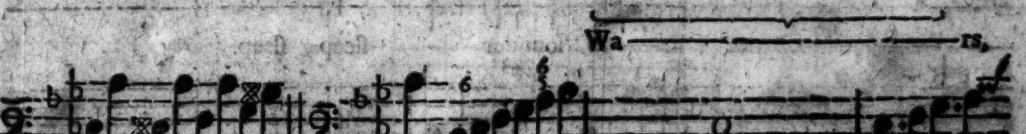
—slave, or scornfull Beauty be se—vere, or scornfull Beauty



be severe, or scornfull Beauty be se—vere.



She.



Wa—rs,



E

Wa re,

Wars that do Fa-tal

Storms dis-perse, far, far, far from thy happy, happy Mansion keep; Earth-quake that

sha ke, that sha

ke the U-niverse

can't Ro ck, can't Ro ck, can't Ro

ck thee in to founde

sleep. sleep.

ck thee in to founde

sleep. sleep.

ck thee in to founde

sleep. sleep.

ck thee in to founde

With all the Charms, the Cha — rms of

With all the Charms, the Cha — rms

pea — ce, pos — sible — cure from life's Torment or Pain;

of peace pos — sible — cure from life's Tor — ment or Pain.

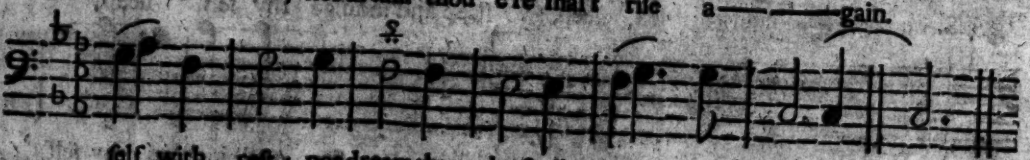
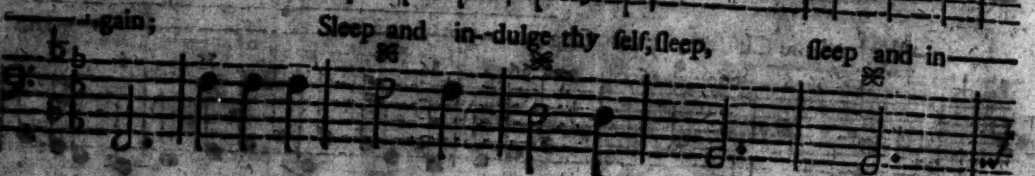
Sleep and in — dulse thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self, sleep;

Sleep and indulge thy self, sleep, sleep and indulge thy self,

sleep and in — dulse thy self with Rest, nor dream thou e're shalt rise a —

sleep: In — dulse thy self with rest, nor dream thou e're shalt rise a —

44987



CHORUS.



Past is the fear of fu-ture doubt, of fu-ture



Past is the fear of fu-ture



doubt, the Sun is from the Dy-al gone; the Sands are su-ah, the



doubt, the Sun is from the Dy-al gone; the Sands are su-ah, are sunk



sands are su nk,

the sands are



the sands are su



sunk, the Glas is out, the fol-ly of the farce is done.



nk, the Glas is out, the fol-ly of the farce is done.



The 4th. Song, Sung by a Galley-Slave in the 3^d. Act.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



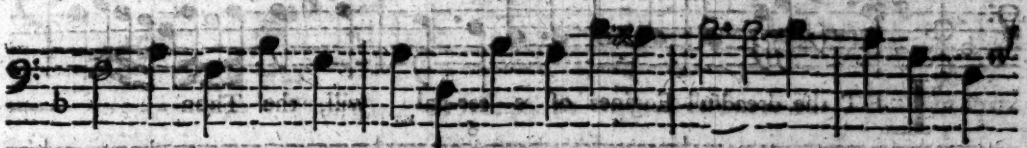
When the World first knew creation, a Rogue was a top, a Rogue was a



Top pro--fession; when there were no more in all Nature but Four, there were



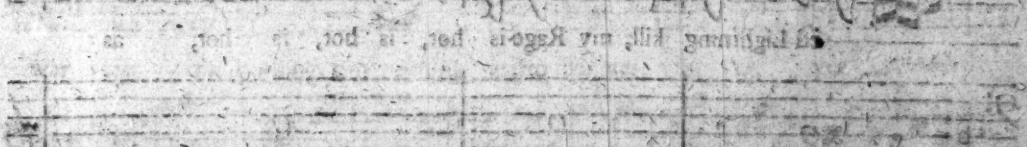
two of them in transgression, and the Seeds are no less, since that you may

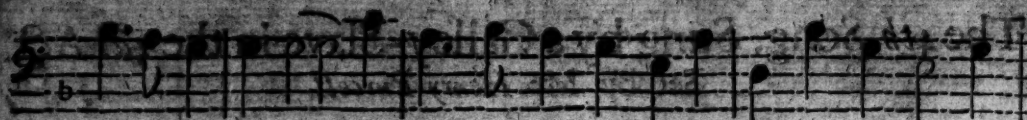


guels, but have in all A—has been growing a—pace; there's Lying, and

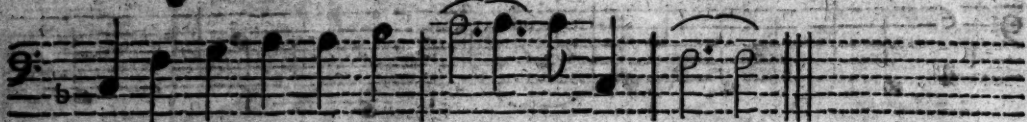
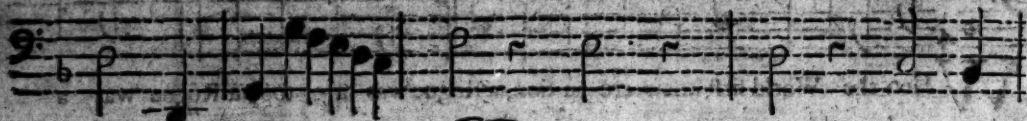


Theiving, Craft, Pride and de- cel- ving, Rage, Murder, and Roar—ing, Rape,





In-cest, and Whoring, Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vi-ces in Vogue, and



make all Mankind one Gy—gan—ti-cal Rogue.



View all human Generation,
You'll find in every Station,
Lean Virtue decays, whilst Interest sways,
Thill Genius of the Nation;
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le cringe*, and the Alderman squeeze;
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practice of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fills our true Rites to maintain,
And defers the Cause Royal is deepest in grain.

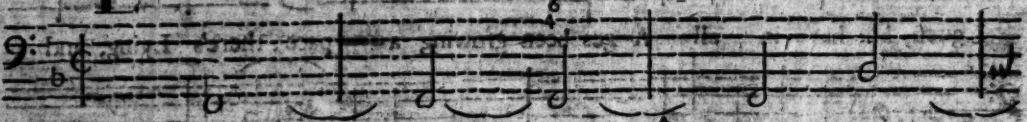
He that first to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
shou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Modell'd new the Creature,
For the savage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in spite of Confinement now reigns as't began:
Heres Preaching and Praying, and Reason displaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free-Sense does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes—he shall lye.

The 5th. Song for *Cardenio* in the 4th. Act.

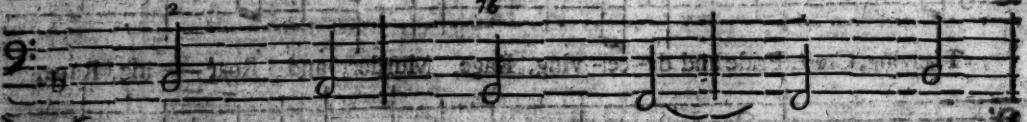
Sct. by Mr. Henry Purcell.



LET the dreadfull Engines of e-ter-nal will, the Thun-



der Ro—ar and crook—



ed Lightning kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is hot, as

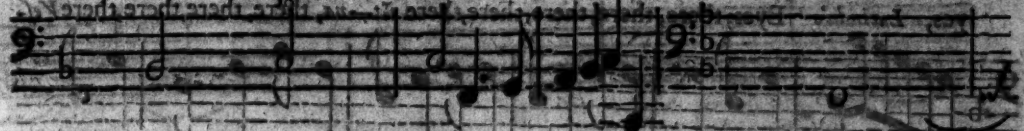




there as fa ————— tall too, and dars as horrid, and dars as



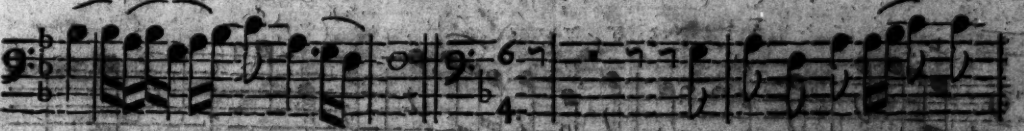
horrid, horrid ex ————— cution do: Or let the Frozen North



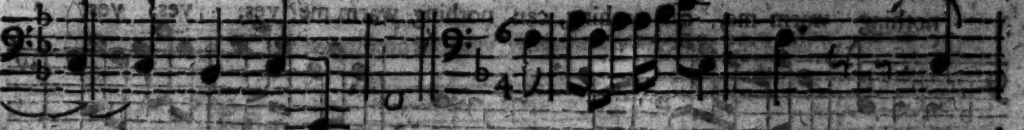
its ran ————— court show, within my Breast far, far grea



ter Tempests grow; despair's more cold, more eo ————— ld than



a ————— ll the winds can blow. Can nothing, can no ————— thing



warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's



yes, yes, yes, yes *Lycinda's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but use her name.

and see how all, and see how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flames round the Court of

Sol, and now the Globes more fiercely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

Slow.

Ah!

Ah!

where, where are now, where are now, where are now those

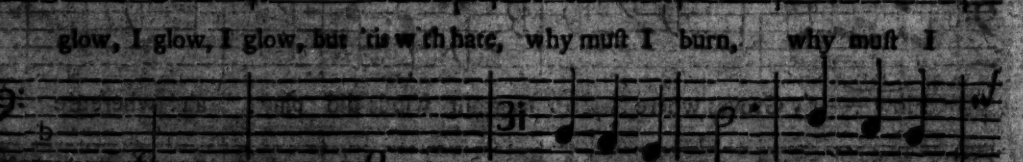
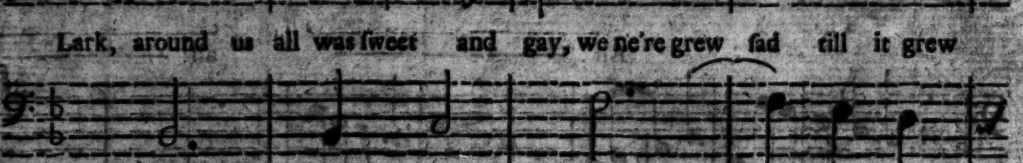
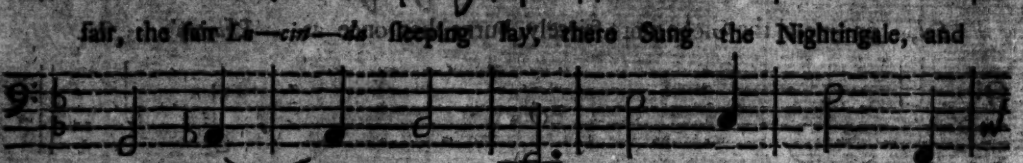
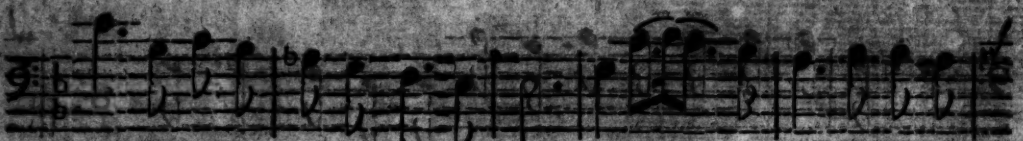
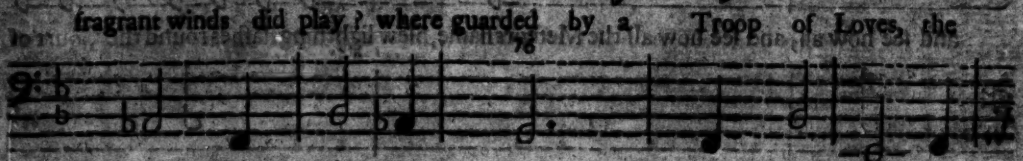
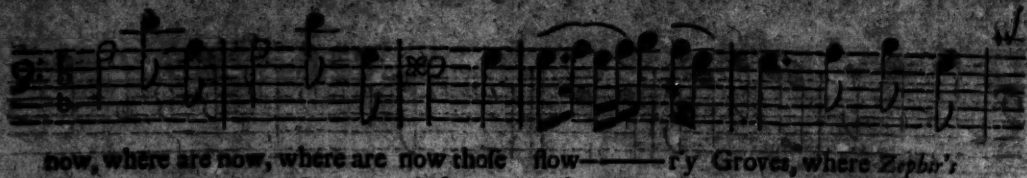
Flow — r' y Groves, where *Zephyr's* fragrant winds did play: ah! where are

where, where are now, where are now, where are now those

Flow — r' y Groves, where *Zephyr's* fragrant winds did play: ah! where are

where, where are now, where are now, where are now those

Flow — r' y Groves, where *Zephyr's* fragrant winds did play: ah! where are

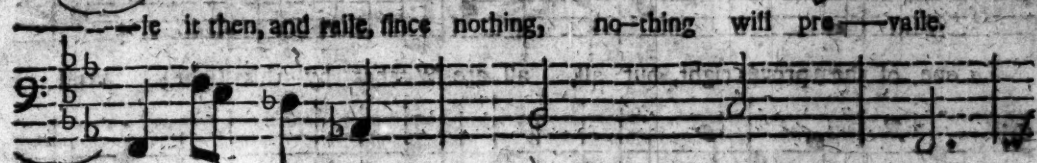




burn, why, why must I burn for this in-grate, why, why must I



burn for this in-grate; Coole, coole it then, coo-



When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for better, and for



Worth, is for Marrow of the Purse, where she Jilts you o're and o're, proves a



Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and





vex, and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in spight, to tor-



ment us, not de-light, but to scold, to scold, and scratch, and bite, and not



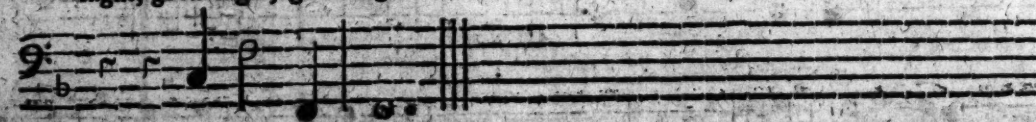
one of them proves right, but all, all are Witches by this light; And



so I fair-ly bid e'm, and the World good night, good night, good night, good



night, good night, good night.



[27]

The 6th. Song for Sancho in the 4th. Act.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

T WAS early one morning, the Cock had just Crow'd; Sing hey ding,
hoe ding, langtridown der-ry; my ho-lyday Clothes on, and face newly
Mow'd, with a hey down, hoe down, drink your brown Ber-ry; The
Sky was all painted, no Scarlet so Red, for the Sun was just then getting
out of his Bed, when Te-re-sa and I went to Church to besped, with a
hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Woee thee; hey ding, hoe ding,
will ye buckle to me, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtrudown derry.

II.

Her Face was as fair, as ift had been in Print;

Sing hey ding, &c.

And her small Ferrer Eyes, did lovingly Squint,

With a hey down, &c.

Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumby,

And her Teeth that were uselefs, for biting her Thumbs,

Had late like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;

With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed;

Sing hey ding, &c.

Such strange things were done, ther's no more to be said,

With a hey down, &c.

Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;

And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,

And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down;

With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

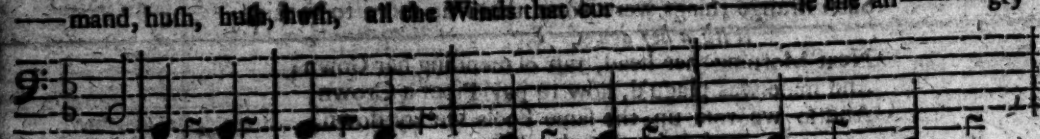
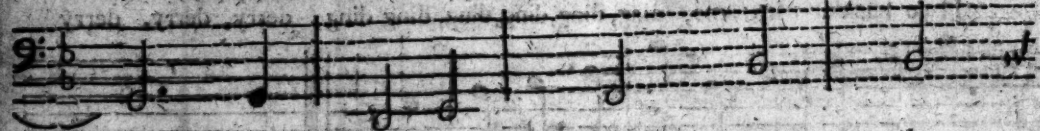
The 7th. Song for *Montesino* an Inchanter, and *Mellisa* and *Urganda*
 Inchantresses. Sung in the 5th. Act of the first Part of *Don-Quixot*.
 Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



With this, this sacred charm — — — ing

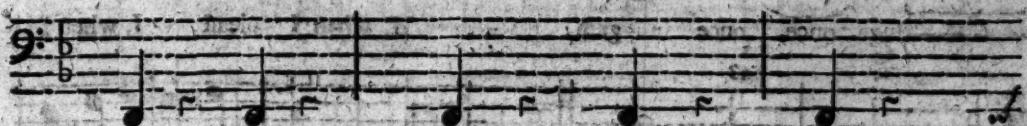


Wand, I can Heav'n, can Heav'n and Earth command, command, command, com-





Sea, and make the row



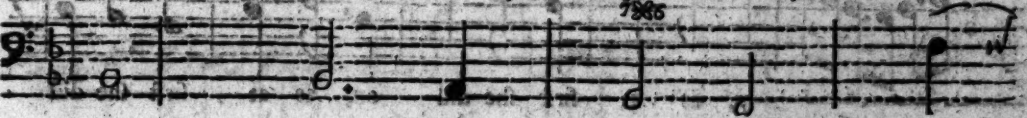
ling Waves o—bey.



Urlanda.

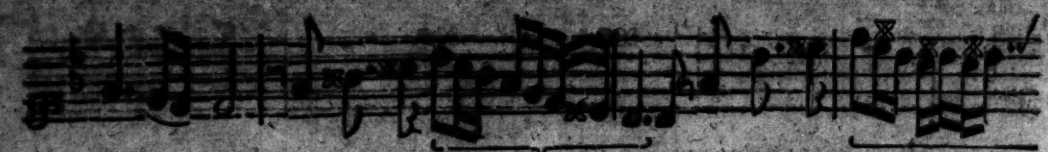


I, I from the Clouds can Con—jure down the Rain, I from the



Clouds can Con—jure down the Rain, can Con—jure





down the Rain; and make it De-luge, and make it De-



luge once, once a-gain: I, when I please, I, when I



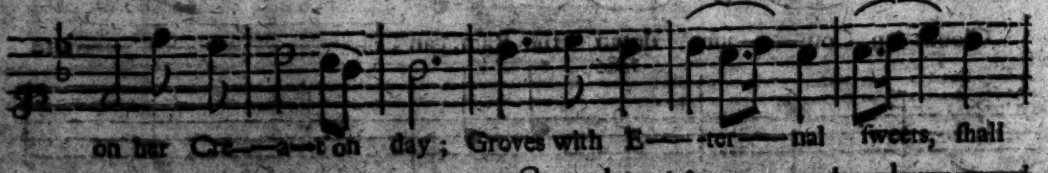
please, make Na-ture smile, smile, smile, as



ga-y, as ga-



y, as at first she did on, as at first she did



on her Cre-a-tion day; Groves with E-ter-nal sweets, shall





CHORUS.





fra-grant grow; and make a true E-li



and make a true E-li zium, and make a true E-li



fra-grant grow, and make a true E-li zium, and



zium, and make a true E-li zium here be



zium, a true E-li zium, here be



make a true E-li zium here be



low. Ritornello.



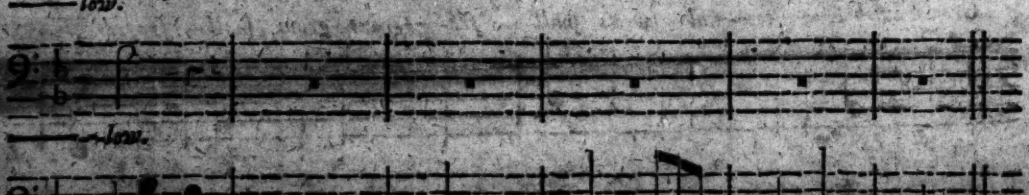
low.



low.



low.



low.

Melissa.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture



long; Love's dear momentary rapture long.

*Urganda.*

Nature re-store, and life, and life when open



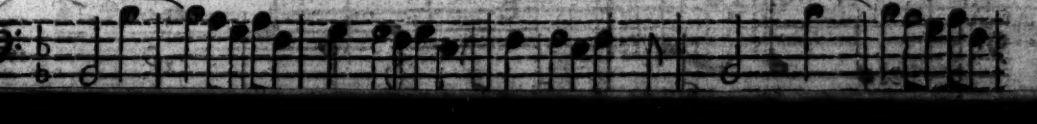
Nature re-new; Nature re-store, and life, and life when open



Nature re-new: all this, all this by Art, all this by



Art can great, can great

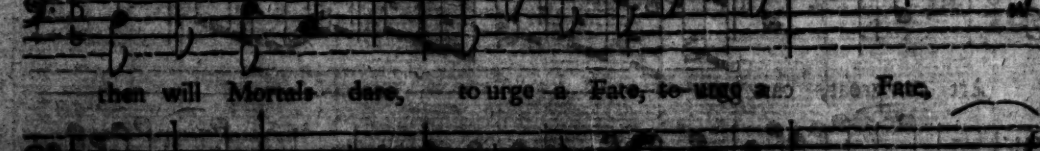
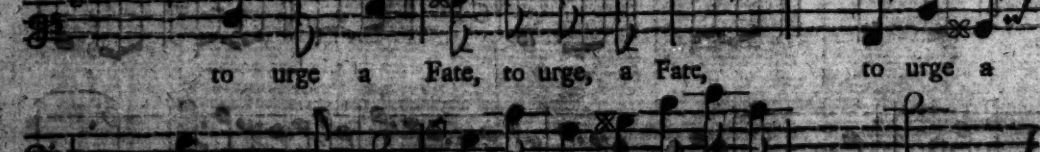
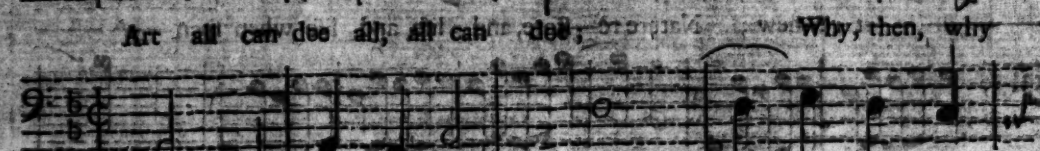
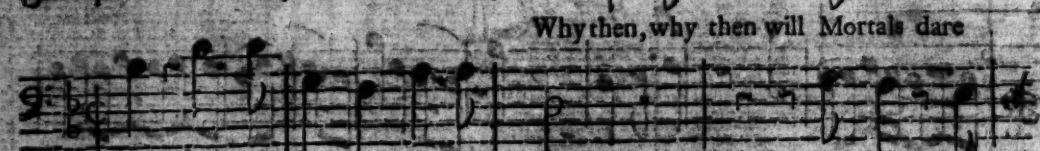




Ur-gan-da doe, I am great, I am great



Ur-gan-da doe



Wretch in his own opi-nion Wile; Laugh—s at our

Charms, Laugh—s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our

Melissa.

My-fo-ries. I've a lit-tle Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part a—

—sunder, lyes, basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun-beams, shall his Soul from his

Bo-dy plunder, speak, speak, shall it be so? shall it be so,

shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so? shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so?

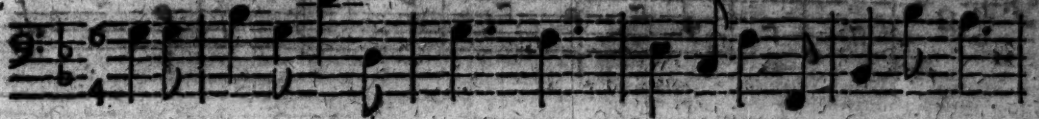
Urganda



No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



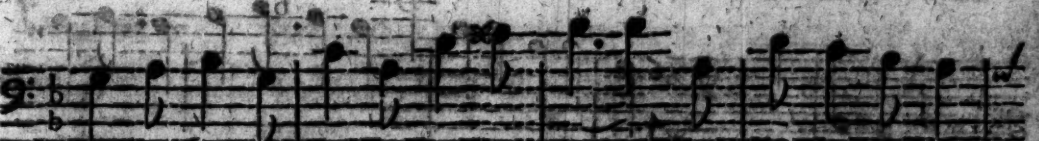
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,



no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;



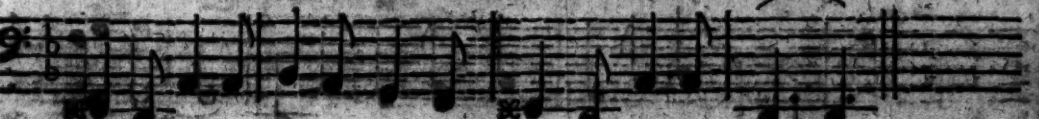
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no; that



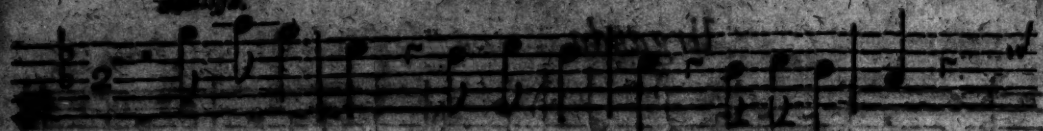
Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high, I'll give him, give him



one more low, I'll give him, give him one more low.



Andante



Let it be so, let it be so, let it be so;

Urgente



Let it be so, let it be so, let it be so, let it be so;



let it be, let it be, let it be so, let it be, let it be,



let it be, let it be, let it be so, let it be, let it be,



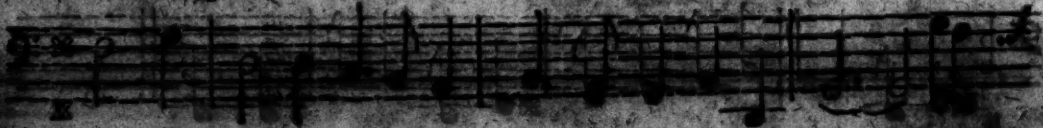
let it be so.

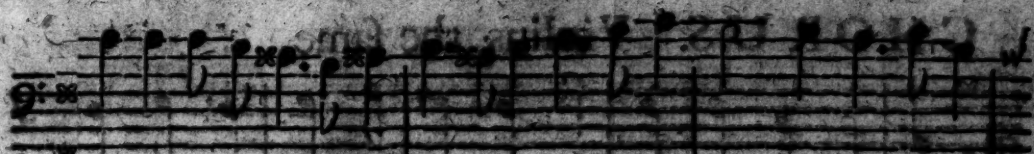


let it be so. Appear, appear, appear, appear, ye fat Fiends that in



Limbo do goan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that





always, you that always in *Le-si-fer's* Kirchin re-side, 'mongst Sea-cole and



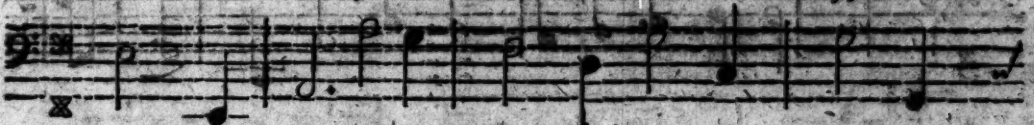
Kettles, and Greasenowly fry'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each



day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Rathers of Fools for a



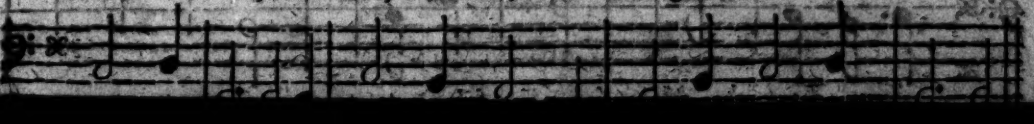
Break-fast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con-vey, to con-



vey try your skill; thus Fare's, thus Fare's, and our Ma-gi-cal



orders ful—fill, thus Fare's, thus Fare's, and our Ma-gi-cal orders ful—fill.



CHORUS. Violins the same.

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fat Fiends that in

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fat Fiends that in

Ap—pear, ap—pear, ye fat Fiends that in

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's Kitchen re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's Kitchen re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

always, you that always in Lu—ci—fer's Kitchen re—side, 'mongst Sea-cole and

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Grease new-ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-shers of Fools for a

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

Breakfast on Coals, these Mortals from hence to con-vey, to con-

vey show your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

vey show your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

vey show your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma-gi-cal

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

or-der ful-fill. fill.

FINIS.

THE
SONGS
TO
The New Play
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

As they are Sung at
The Queen's Theatre
IN
DORSET GARDEN.

Part the Second.

Sett by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. D'urfey.

Decies repetita placebunt.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Samuel Briscoe, at the corner of
Charles-street, Covent-Garden. 1694.

Price One Shilling Six Pence.

SONS

TO

The New Play

OF

DON QUIXOTE

As they are sung at

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IN

DORSET GARDEN.

Part the Second.

As by the most Eminent Masters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Darius represents Alexander.

L O N D O N.

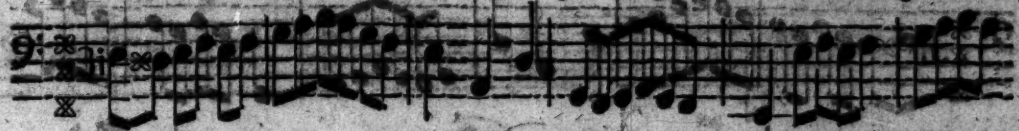
Printed by J. Stent, at the Corner of
St. Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleet-Street, 1694.

Price One Shilling Six Pence.

The first Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainment of Don Quixote in the first Act.



If you will Love me be free in Ex—pre—sing it, and henceforth give me



no cause to com—plain; or if you hate me be plain in con—fess—sing



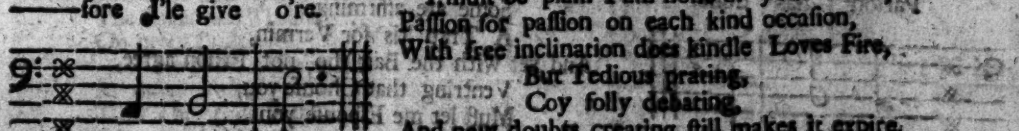
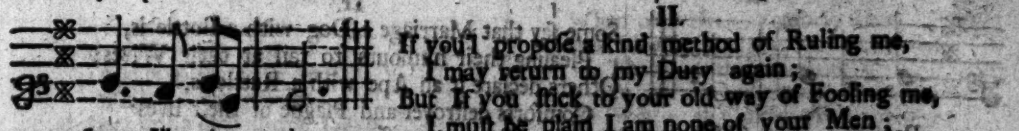
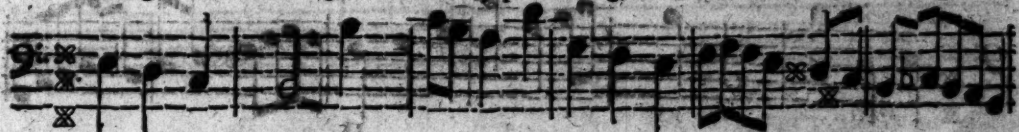
it, and in few words put me out of my pain. This long de—laying, with



fighting and praying, breedson—ly de—caying in life and A—mour,



Cooing and Wooing, and dal—ly pur—suing, is Damnd fill—ly doing there—



II.
If you'll propose a kind method of Ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But If you stick to your old way of Fooling me,
I must be plain I am none of your Men;
Passion for passion on each kind occasion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious prating,
Coy folly debating,
And new doubts creating still makes it expire.

The Ladys Answer. The 2d Song to a Minnet at the
Duke's Entertainmet of *Don Quixote* in the first Act.



YOU Love, and yet when I ask you to Mar—ry me, still have recourse to



the tricks of your Art; Then like a Fencer you cunning—ly par—ry



me, yet the same time make a Pass at my Hheart. Fye, fye, de—ceiver, no



lon—ger en—dea—ver, or think this way e—ver the Fort will be won;



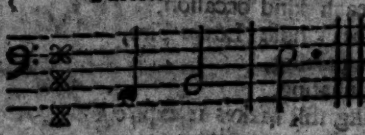
no fond Ca—ressing must be, nor un—lacing or tender em—bra—cing 'tillth'



II.



Parson has done.



Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts destroyer and Plague of their lives:

Some are affirming,

A Trap 'tis for Vermain,

And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,

Ventring that Chouse you,

Must let me Espouse you

If e're my dear Mousse you will Nibble at me;

8

The 3d. Song in the 2d. Act. Sung by Mrs. Ayliff,
dressed like a Milk-maid. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that Love green Fields and Woods when Spring newly
born her self do's adorn, with Flowers and Blooming Buds; come
Sing in the praise, whilst Flocks do graze, in yon-der pleasant Vale of
those that choose their sleeps to loose, and in cold Dews with clout-ed Shoes, do
car-ry the Milking Pail.

II.
The Goddess of the Morn;
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air;
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Confort on each green Thorn,
The Ouzle and Thrush,
On every Bush;
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vain,
Their Throats do strain,
Go entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

III.
When cold bleak Winds do Roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,
The Fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By Winter all Candid ore,
Oh! how the Town Lads,
Look with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

The Mirror of Beauty should,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With washes and Paint,
Her Skin does to Taint,
She's wither'd before she's old,
While we in Composure
Put on a Cart-load
And with Cushions plump her Tayle;
What Ioyes are found
In Ruffs, Gowns,
Young, Plump and Round,
And Sweet and sound,
That carry the Milling Pale.

The Girls of Youth (sings)
That venture Health and Fame,
In practising Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,
Hates wet to Wife,
To value the price
Of the Ware-mob: fit for sale,
What store of Beams
Would have their Cloath,
To have a Nose
By following those
That carry the Milling Pale

The 4th Song, Sung by Mrs. Hudson in the 3d. Act.
Set by Coll. Pack.

D—men set a Friend as ye, fol—low Clo—se tho' she
flies ye; tho' her Tongue your Suite is fighting, her kind Eyes
you'll find in—vite—ing: Wo—mens Rage, like that low Water,
does but shew their hurt—less Nature, when the stream seems Rough and
frowning, there is still least fear of drowning.

II:

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,
In our calmness lyes our danger;
Like a River's silent Running,
Stillness shews our depth and Cunning:
She that Railes ye into Trembling,
Only shews her fine dissembling;
But the Fawner to abuse ye,
Thinks ye fools, and Soe will use ye.

[5]

A Dialogue in the 4th. Act of the 2^d. Part of *Don Quixote*, for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. Reading and
He. Mrs. Atkiff. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



SINCE Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to



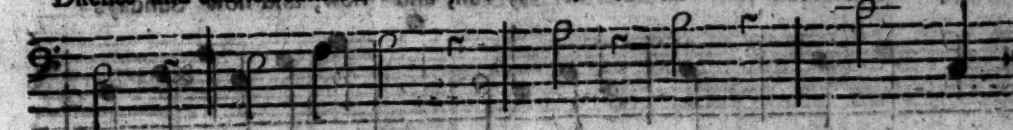
leave off my Plough and my Cart, and to the fair Cit—ry a Journey will



goe, to better my Fortune as other folk doe; Since some have from



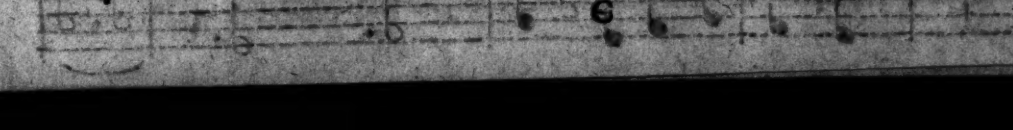
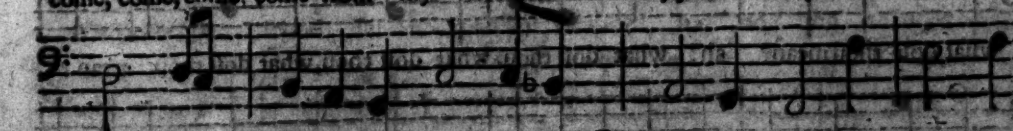
Ditches, and cou'd Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd to be Ru—lers and



wallow'd in Ri—ches, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee



come, come, come, come from thy Wheel for if Gypsies don't lye I shall. I



shall be a Governour too, etc. I dye. Ah! Col-les

ah! Colles, by all, by all thy late doings I find with sorrow and

trouble, with for-row and trouble the Pri-de of thy Mind, our

Sheep now at random dis-or-der-ly run, and now, and now Sundays

Jacker goes e-ve-ryday on; ah! what dost thou, what dost thou,

what dost thou mean? ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou mean?

To make my Shoes clean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, the King and the

Queen, where shewing my parts I preferment shall win; Fye, fye, fye, fye,

fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to

Spin; for as to the Court when thou happen'st to try, thou'lt find nothing

got there unless thou can'st buy; For Money the Devil, the Devil and

all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good Parts

He.

minded without the good Pound. Why then I'll take Arms, why

then I'll take Arms, I'll take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt

She.

Honour that now a-days plague-ly charms: And to lose a Limb by a

Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self af-ter, for lea-ving, for lea-ving the

He.

She.

but Plough, I Suppose I turn Gamester? So Cheat and be bang'd:

He.

She.

He.

What think'st thou of the Road then? The High-way to be Hang'd; Nice Pimping how-



e-ver yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to a nother's fine



She.



Wife: That's dan-ge-rous too, amongst the Town Crew, for



some of 'em will doe the same thing by you; and then I to



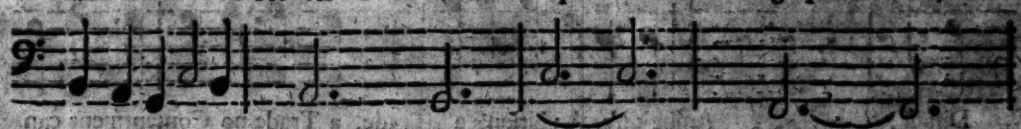
Cuckold, yemay be drawn in, faith Col-lins 'tis better I sit here and Spin,



He.



faith Collins 'tis bet-ter I sit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what

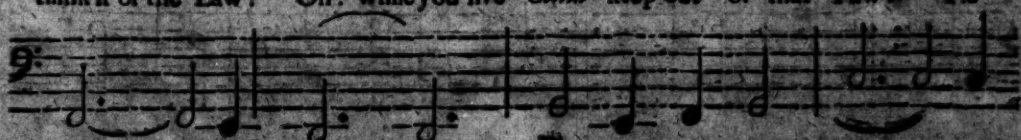


She.

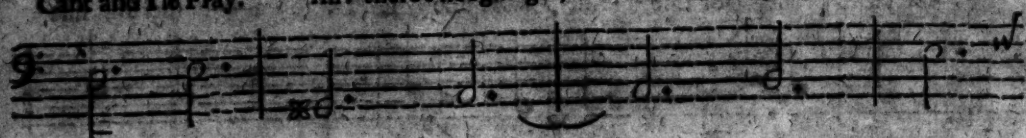
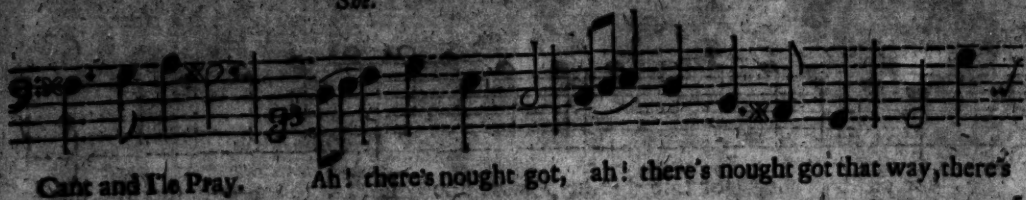
He.



think'it of the Law? Oh! while you live Collins keep out of that Paw: I'll



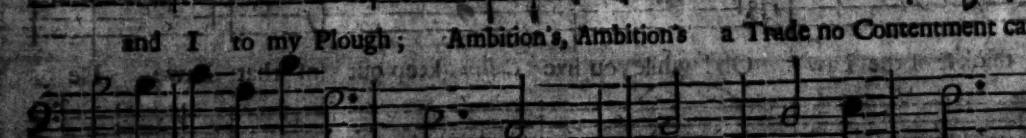
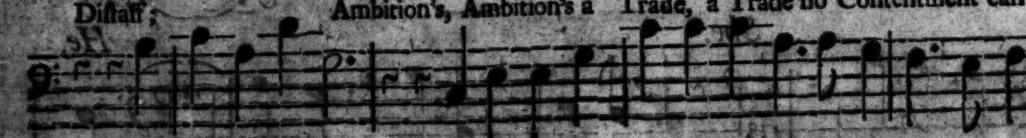
Sbz.



He.



2 Voice.



show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

CHORUS.

show. Let all our whole care be our Farming af-fair, to make our Corn grow and our

show. Let all our whole care be our Farming af-fair, to make our Corn grow and our

Ap-ple Trees bear; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no contentment can show, so

Ap-ple Trees bear; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no contentment can show,

I'll to my Distaff; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no con-
and I'll to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no con-

sentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
sentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no consentment can
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no consentment can

show, no, no, no consentment can show.
show, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no consentment can show.

The 6th. Song in the last Act of the 2d. Part of *Don Quixote*, Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Gibber*. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.

Trumper.



Mr. *Freeman*.



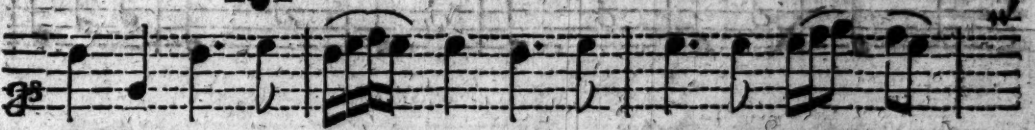
Enius of *England* from thy pleasant



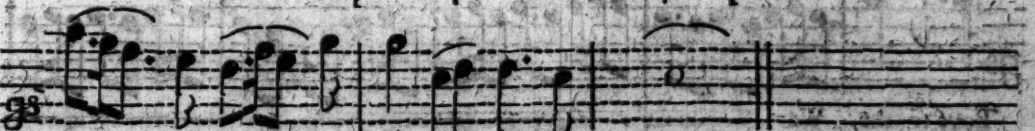
Bow'r of bliss a — ri — se and sprea



d thy fa — cred Wings; Guard, guard from Foes the



British State, thou on whose smile does wait th' — uncertain



hap — py Fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Trumpet.

Mrs. Cibber.

Then follow brave

Boys,

then follow brave Boys to the Wars,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave

Boys to the War

follow, follow follow brave Boys to the War

s' the Lawrel you know's the prize,

the Lawrel you know's the prize: who brings home the

noblest, the no-blest, the no-blest

blest Scars looks fine

est in Ce-lia's Eyes;

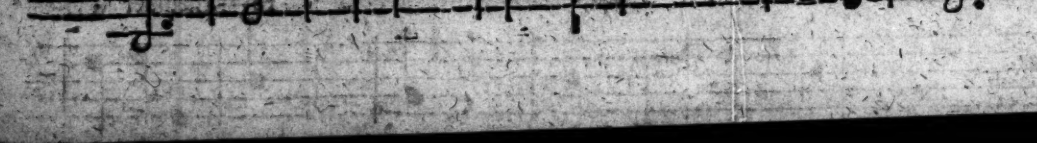
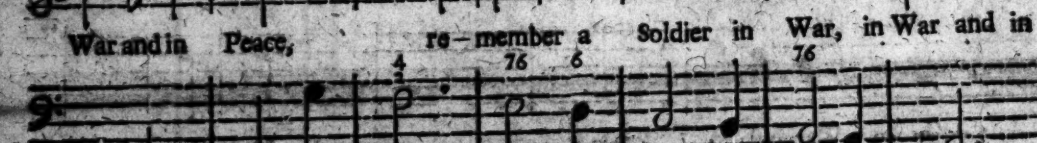
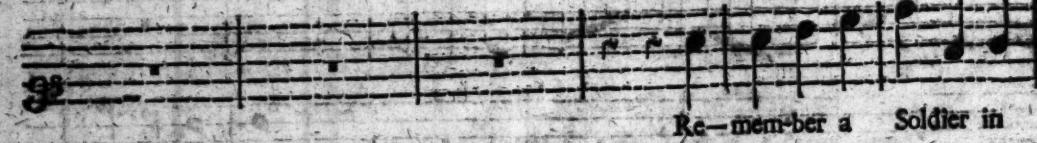
then she ke off the Sloth-full

ease, let Glory, let

Glory, let Glo-ry in--spi re your Hearts;

re--member a

Soldier in War and in Peace, re--member a



Peace is the no

blest of all other Arts.

The 7th. Song in the last Act. Sung by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I

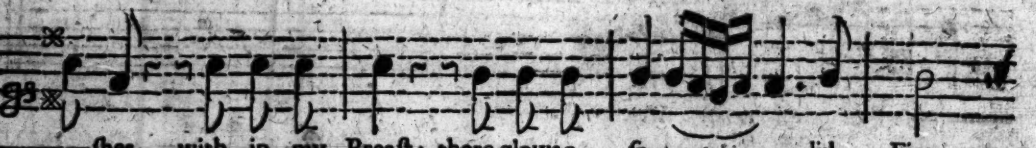
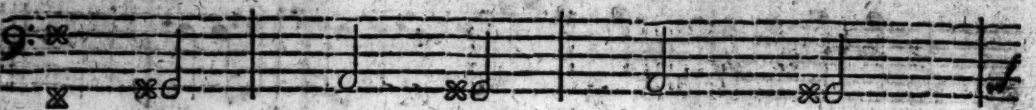
burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, my



Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla-



— shes, like Lightning Fla-



— shes, with-in my Breast; there glows a fo- lid Fire,



which in a Thousand, Thousand A- ges can't ex- pire :



Blo- w, blo- w, blo- w, blo- w,



blow, blow the Winds great Ru- ler blow, bring the Po and the



Gan-ges hither, 'tis Sul-try, sul-try, sul-try

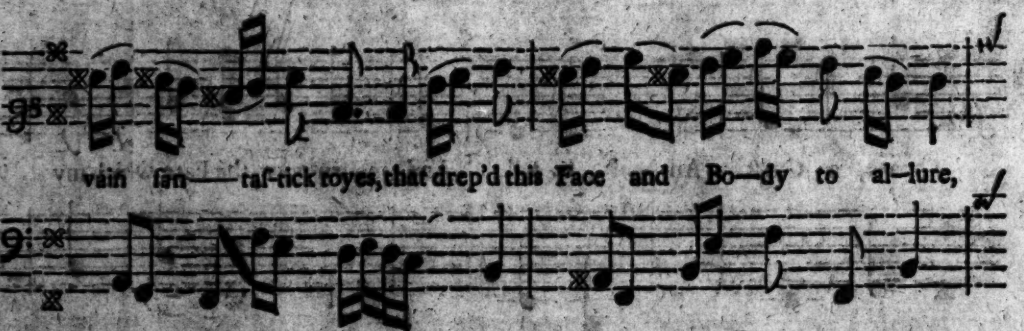
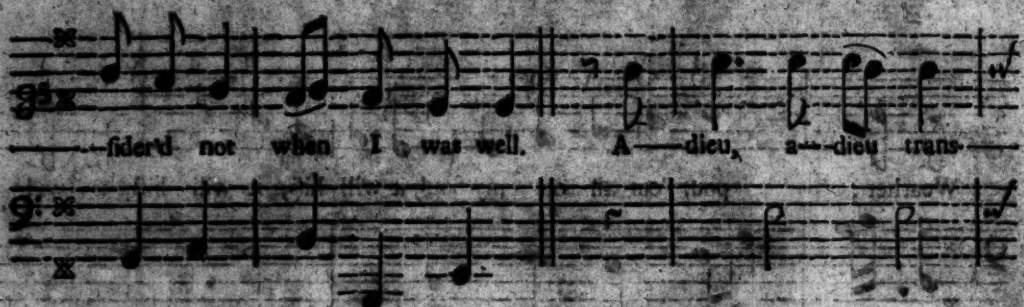
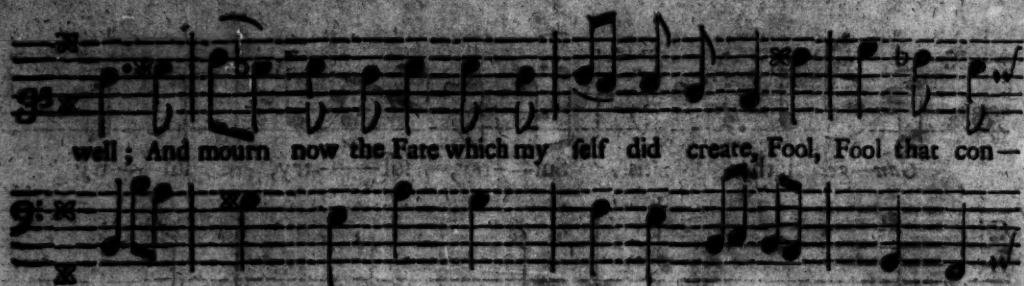
Weather; pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiss, it will hiss, it will

hiss like a Coal, but ne-ver, ne-ver be the cooler. 'Twas

Pride, hot as Hell, that first made me Re-bell from Love's awe-full

Throne, a Curs'd An-gel I sell; And mourn now the Fate which my

self did cre-ate, Fool, Fool that con-sider'd not when I was



scorn is turn'd in — to de-fire, all Hell all Hell feels not the
 rage, which I, poor I, which I, poor I en-dure.

The 8th. Song, in the Fifth Act.

DE Foolish English Nation, dat former Conquest brag on, make
 frang a Discourse of St. George and his Horse, and de Murring of de
 Dragon; But shou'd de French In-vade 'em, and bold-ly cross de



II.

Yaw boast of your Fifth Henry,
 Dat once in France did Forrage;
 But to answer dat fame
 Doe but read *Nosfredame*,
 Garzoon will cool your Courage;
 Our Gold will take your City,
 Tho' Fighting nere can get one,
 Veel on *Salzburg-Plain*
 Bring on Millions of Men,
 Den-Whine-ye in *Great-Brittain*.

F I N I S.

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